

P4 ISL R10:08 E FIVE CENTE

Those who are still young can remember well the meetings that were held throughout Ontario in the early nineties and the late eighties, having as their object the creation of annexation sentiment. The name of Elgin Myers is an unfamiliar one now. But it was a prominent one in the newspapers then. Mr. Myers was the County Crown Attorney whom Sir Oliver Mowat felt called upon to remove from the Ontario Bench connection.

DOCTORS HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE

"Fruit-a-lives" saved my Life

Written by FRANK Q., May 9, 1910.
I took upon my recovery as nothing short of a miracle. I was for eleven years, constantly suffering from Chronic Dyspepsia and Indigestion. I was treated by several doctors and they simply did me no good. During the latter part of my illness, I was so thin that I weighed only 90 pounds, and I vomited everything I ate.



The doctors gave me up to die as the stomach trouble produced heart weakness and I was frequently unconscious. I received the Last Rites of the Church. At this time, a lady strongly urged me to try "Fruit-a-lives". When I had taken one box, I was much better and after three boxes, I was practically well again, and had gained 20 pounds. I have taken 13 boxes in all and now weigh 150 pounds and am well.
Madame ARTHUR TOURANGHAU, "Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made of intensified fruit juices and always cures indigestion, gas, a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.



This is the period in which "those notable examples of high-class fiction, the statements of Dominion election expenses, make their appearance.

Why, in the face of them do we hear so much about its being an expensive matter to go into politics? A few misguided individuals ventured to suggest last September that the swarm of workers around the Oliver committee rooms must be costing the Minister of the Interior a pretty penny. They apparently did not understand that there is such a thing as public spirit and that good citizens willingly give their time and energy for weeks at a stretch all for the satisfaction of seeing their favorite candidate at the head of the poll.

If proof is wanted, look at Mr. Oliver's election expense statement. A trifle over thousand dollars is the total amount, not half of one session's allowance.

A despatch speaks of Tien-Tsen as "A City of Dreadful Dust." "Between squinted eyelids" the correspondent says, "I made out a world of semi-opaque yellowness, through which passed vague processions of men and beasts, and a succession of shadowy buildings." How's that for a description of Calgary?

In the absence of war news, the humorist is getting busy. Take this from London Truth: Attend, all ye who list to hear the bold Abruzzi's praise.

I sing of the twice famous deed he wrought in modern days;
When the Young Turk unspeakable opposed his warships great
With one or two old pinnacles entirely out of date.

It was about the lovely close of a mild autumn day,
There came a gallant coasting ship with fearsome news to say
Her crew had seen, near Prevesa, and hadn't failed to note,
The Turkish fleet, consisting of one whole torpedo boat.

His signal brave Abruzzi hoists; aloft that signal flies.
We'll steal upon the foe this night, we'll take 'em by surprise.
So clear the decks, put out all lights, ere we their fleet pursue;
And maybe each lighthouse on the seas put out its lantern too.

We needs must this precaution take, lest they our coming mark.
I cannot and I will not lose the advantage of the dark."

Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea;
Such night Egyptian ne'er has been and ne'er again shall be;
From Norway to New Zealand, from Hong Kong to Hudson's Bay
No single lighthouse on the seas gave forth a single ray.

So the bold Duke his squadron led, four noble battleships,
Eight armoured cruisers, all set loose like greyhounds from the slips,
And through the gloom, full-speed ahead, they boldly made their way
To where at anchor, close in shore, the Turkish fleet lay.

Meanwhile the streets of Rome were all agog with hurrying feet,
And news was passed from mouth to mouth, "He's seen the Turkish fleet!"
And greater still became the crowds and louder still din,
As fast from all the country round the rustic folk flocked in.

Some anxious were, some full of hope, and some were in the blues,
And every man his neighbor asked, "Say, will he win or lose?"

Next day all doubts were set at rest, and every face was glad
All Italy with pride and joy went absolutely mad.
For a message from Abruzzi came, and this the

news it bore
"I have engaged the Turkish fleet and driven her ashore."

An Englishman was recently invited by an Edmontonian to accompany him on a hunting trip. "Large or small game?" laconically asked the Briton, who had hunted in every quarter of the globe. "You do not expect to find lions or tigers in Alberta?" queried the Edmontonian. "Hardly," responded the other with a laugh, "but I like a spice of danger in my hunting." "If that's the case," answered the westerner, with a grin, "I'm your man all right. The last time I was out I shot my brother-in-law in the leg!"

A wife, after the divorce, said to her husband: "I am willing to loan you the baby half of the time."

"Good," said he, rubbing his hands. "Splendid!" "Yes," she resumed, "you may have him nights."

The late Sylvanus Miller, civil engineer, who was engaged in railroad enterprises in Central America, was seeking local support for a road, and attempted to give the matter point. He asked a native: "How long does it take you to carry your goods to market by muleback?" "Three days," was the reply. "There's the point," said Miller. "With our road in operation you could take your goods to market and be back home in one day." "Very good, senior, but what would we do with the other two days?" asked the native.

Hewitt—I believe in the greatest good of the greatest number.

Jewett—Yes, and you think the greatest number is number one.

"I want to find my daughter," said a man to the head waiter of the dining-room of a large New York hotel. "I understand she is here?"

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter. "Eighth hat to the left."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Howell—"Edison says that we sleep too much." Powell—"Well, it isn't his fault; he has invented enough things to keep us awake."

A common subject for newspaper humor is the woman who has difficulty in comprehending or complying with the methods of the banking business. There is one woman, however, immortalized in Tit-Bits, who is evidently equal to dealing with a stubborn cashier.

"But I don't know you, madam," the bank cashier said to the woman who had presented a check.

The woman, however, instead of saying haughtily, "I do not wish your acquaintance, sir," merely replied, with an engaging smile:

"Oh, yes, you do, I think. I'm the 'red-headed old virago' next door to you, whose scoundrelly little boys are always reaching through the fence and picking your flowers. When you started for town this morning, your wife said, 'Now Henry, if you want a dinner fit to eat this evening you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't keep this house on plain water and saxepea a day.'"

"Here's your money, madam," said the cashier, pushing it toward her and coughing loudly.

THE MERRY MUSE.

They lay the asphalt pavement down
And level it with care;
The purpose is to make the town
A thing of beauty rare.
As soon as it has hardened in
The wind and sun and rain,
They get a pickaxe and begin
To dig it up again.

They lay it smoothly down once more;
Again they tear it loose,
And then replace it as of yore,
Fit for the public use.
And those who travel seem to be
Like ocean farers lost.
The street is but a mighty sea,
For ever tempest tossed.

Washington Star.

An interesting event was about to happen, and the mother in order to prepare her little ones of three and five, and also to help their religious training, told them that if they prayed earnestly to the Lord he would send them a little brother or sister.

The children prayed, and in a few days were called in to view their new baby brother. They were greatly pleased. Later in the day the father came home and said to his wife: "Say, Mary, this praying business has got to be stopped; it's going too far."

"What's the matter?" asked "he wife."
"Why," said the father, "I just found these kids in the parlor, down on their knees, praying to beat the band for a billy goat and a pony."

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GOING THE PACE.

They had never stayed in a big hotel before, but both Jenkinson and his wife enjoyed it. No half-measures for them—they went the whole hog, and missed nothing that was going.

"We'll have dinner here to-night, dear," said Jenkinson, as they discovered a new dining-room in the hotel. "Hi, waiter!"

"Yes-sir!" And the white-fronted one dashed forward.

"We want dinner," said Jenkinson. "Dinner for two."

"Certainly sir. Which will you have, table d'hôte or à la carte?"

"That puzzled Jenkinson. But he was not the man to show ignorance. For a moment he pondered, but only for a moment.

"What d'you think, dear?" he said, calmly. "Oh, hang the expected! Waiter, you can bring us some of each!"

The popular author entered the publisher's sanctum seething with indignation.

"What's this I hear—you want some alterations in my manuscript?" he demanded. "I've made some libellous statements, have I? Where?"

"You have," said the publisher calmly. "Here, on page thirty-nine, you say your heroine, who lives in Hamilton, clutched the air convulsively."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" demanded the irate writer. "And then?" went on the man who objected.

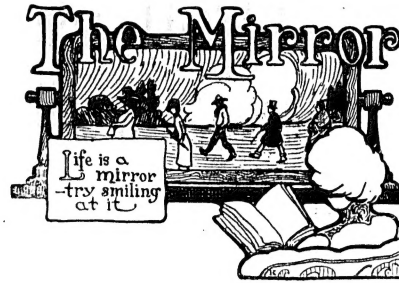
"On page forty, only two minutes later, you say the heroine went and washed her hands. It's a libel on the Hamilton air, sir."

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Municipal Corporation of the City of Edmonton and the Municipal Corporation of the City of Strathcona will jointly apply to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Alberta at the next session thereof for an Act providing that the present Mayors, Aldermen and School Trustees of the said Cities shall hold office until the first day of March, 1912, or until such time or in such other manner as shall be provided in any Act passed by said legislature respecting the amalgamation or union of said Cities and that notwithstanding the provisions of the respective charters of said Cities no election of mayor, aldermen and school trustees for the year 1912 shall be held except as shall be otherwise provided by Act of said Legislative Assembly.

Dated this 23rd day of November, 1911.

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APROPOS OF NOTHING.

"I've jest and joke

And quip and crank,

For lowly folk

And men of rank.

I ply my craft

And know no fear,

I aim my shaft

At prince or peer.

At peer or prince—at prince or peer,

I aim my shaft and know no fear.

I've wisdom from the East and from the West

That's subject to no academic rule;

You may find it in the jeering of a jest,

Or dislil it from the folly of a fool.

I can teach you with a quip, if I've a mind;

I can trick you into learning with a laugh.

Oh, winnow all my folly and you'll find

A grain or two of philosophic chaff.

When they're offered to the world in merry guise
Unpleasant truths are swallowed with a will;
For he who'd make his fellow-creatures wise
Should always gild the philosophic pill."

Whether or not one dabbles in politics, or how little notice one may take of politicians and their aspirations and achievements, the week they, and their womenfolk, drift into the Capital invariably, to me at least, holds not a little out-of-the-ordinary interest.

It is as if in the midst of a fascinating game, the players had dropped out for a breathing space, and had once more reassembled to try their luck.

There they are. There is the deck of cards. It is any man's game.

As in Bridge, so in politics, the poor players far outnumber the skilful. And the resourceful, courageous no-trump makers—are well-conspicuous by the fewness of them.

Outstanding figures in the last Legislature were the Premier, the ex-Premier, the Junior Member for Calgary, the ex-Attorney General, the Member for Peace River, in his own way Mr. Bramley Moore, and, also in a sense, the Member for Sturgeon.

There were the little bunch of scrippers with Mr. O'Brien fighting a lone hand, and again any government.

This year there will be a change, and no doubt a notable one. There will be no Mr. Bennett to ask disquieting questions, or make saucy, personal remarks, but the Opposition, in numbers at least, will be a stronger one, and capable of doing really more damage. Perhaps among the new members there will be another Moses, or one or two men of outstanding ability. One can but hope.

There is a venerable Anglo-Indian anecdote which records how, in the days of the Company, a young writer, proceeding to India, inquired of one of the directors as to the sort of language the Board preferred in the despatches addressed to them. "Well," replied the great man, "as a rule, we like the 'umdrum style.'"

I have often suspected that party leaders, if asked, would cry, "Hear, Hear!" to the sentiment They usually come "umdrum style" at any rate, down at the Buildings, whoever orders them. And their brook-like utterances would lullaby the most fractious infant. I am always looking to hear one or other of them give us the "sto y of my life in fifty-nine chapters," or deliver that inspiring sentiment about "the paths of glory," or "a man's a man," etc.

You have to go to many sittings of the House before you grasp the character of its occupants. There are the sleepy ones, and the whi-peening ones, and the knowing-looking ones, and the Smart Set, as well as a general mixup of Nothing in Particular that usually live excellently well up to their appearance. You learn in time their individual peculiarities, and by the end of one session, can bank on how they will act under any given circumstances.

If they comported themselves more as men, and less as politicians, we should have a livelier, if less discreet, time of it.

Very few of the women at the Albertan Capital honestly play much of a hand in the political game.

Down in Ottawa it is different.

In England they are a tremendous force. I should like to see the day here in the Capital, when something besides a bread-and-butter argument,

washed down with a dish of tea, was the sole contribution from the women, to the affairs of the nation, and the Province in which we live. And at that you needn't write me down a Votes for Women agitator. I believe that there is more influence exerted behind the scenes in corraling votes, than any oar under Heaven ever swung from a platform, and that women if they used, and didn't abuse their privileges, and if they used the intelligence with which the Lord endowed them, could be a mighty factor in the political life of the country.

Of course it is a bit difficult here. In Alberta one mostly has to pay for one's principles. Edmonton is peopled to a great extent by 'tim' folk, and in the land of the timid the self-confident are kings. It isn't "wise" to be too open in speaking your political mind—Because—a big Goblin may "discipline" you on your husband—if you don't watch out.

So everybody looks foolish, and says little. Much better really to cry—

"We've been thrown over, we're aware;
But we don't care—but we don't care.
There's fish in the sea, no doubt of it,
As good as ever came out of it.
And some day we shall get our share,
So we don't care—so we don't care.

Politics in Alberta really mean Pc-onallities. "I simply can't differ from you politically, and like you personally," is the attitude assumed by the majority of the women. I could name you two or three who know a cleverer game. But I could also name you a couple of bakers' dozens, who are in the alphabetical class so far as being any help to their husbands' political career is concerned.

Cutting political opponents on the street; being abominably rude to each other, and like trivialities, have made the atmosphere in Edmonton, during the meetings of the House in the past, not seldom highly-nervous—charged affairs, to both unhappy hostesses and their guests.

But think of it this year in Ottawa! I! O the wigs on the carpet! Whew! the jealousies, the petty bickerings, the struggles to attain, and retain, positions of precedence!

As if happiness hung on a Duke's smile, or one's real importance on the lifting of his eyebrows.

Thank kind fortune that one's lot is cast where such strivings, and row-lowsings cut little figure.

I do believe that out west we take a man at his character value, and that brains have position, if not dollars, beaten to a standstill.

But all of this is aside from our local legislators, is it not? What concerns us is: how they are, in this session, going to play the game.

TO SISTER ON A VISIT.

By Ethel M. Kelley

And outside they don't care what the mess is.
Dear Sister,

We've a puppy named Peter.
I thought that you might like to know.
He's getting to be quite an eater—
You think you can just see him grow.
I washed him in soap-suds on Monday,
And got him all covered with foam.
He has a new collar for Sunday.
You'd better come home!

Uncle Thomas was here, so was Auntie.
They brought me some neckties and stuff.
We made a garage of the shanty—
For once I went riding enough.
The chauffeur they have is a dandy;
His name, I think, is Gerome.
They left you a big box of candy.
You'd better come home!

For nearly a week it's been raining—
I hope it's been better down there.
But you've had so much entertaining,
I s'pose that you really don't care.
A girl's happy changing her dresses
And fiddling round with a comb,
And outside they don't care what the mess is.
You'd better come home!

Mama says to tell you she's lonely.
The baby's all over the place.
(Continued on Page Six.)

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 16992 We all Fall (Goodwin Meyer) *Billy Murray*
 In the Golden Afterwhile (F. Stanley Grinstead) *Poorless Quartet*
 16991 Don't Blame Me for Lovin' You (Harris) *Poorless Quartet*
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977 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Across the Plains to Edmonton

Mr. Isaac Cowl, formerly of Edmonton, contributes to the Winnipeg Free Press a summary of Sir George Simpson's description of his journey across the plains to Edmonton in 1841. The following describes the last stage:

"On arriving in front of Edmonton, which was on the opposite bank of the Saskatchewan, we notified our approach by a volley of musketry, which was returned by the cannon of the fort. A boat was quickly dispatched to convey us across the river; and, on landing, we found the residents of the establishment, and more particularly Mrs. Rowand and her daughters, assembled to receive us.

"Edmonton is a well-built place, something of a hexagon in form. It is surrounded by high pickets and bastions, which, with the battlemented gateways and the flagstaffs, give it a good deal of a martial appearance; and it occupies a commanding situation, crowning an almost perpendicular part of the bank of about two hundred feet in height. The river is nearly as wide as at Carlton, while the immediate banks are well wooded, and the country beyond consists of rolling prairies.

A Fort in War Paint.

"The fort, both inside and outside, is decorated with paintings and devices to suit the tastes of the savages who frequent it. Over the gateway are a most fanciful variety of vanes; but the hall, of which both the ceiling and the walls present the grandest colors and the most fantastic sculptures, absolutely rivets the astonished natives to the spot with wonder and admiration. The buildings are smeared with a red earth, found in the neighborhood, which, when mixed with oil, produces a durable brown.

"The vicinity is rich in mineral productions. A seam of coal, of about ten feet in depth, can be traced for a very considerable distance along both sides of the river. This coal resembles slate in appearance; and, although it requires a stronger draft than that of an ordinary chimney, yet it is found to answer tolerably well for the blacksmith's forge. Fossil remains are also found here in abundance.

Native Population.

"The number of the native inhabitants of the Saskatchewan district may serve to demonstrate how scanty is the aboriginal population of North America at the present day, more particularly as the tract in question is perhaps the most populous in the country:

Tribes.	Tens.	Souls.
Crees	500	3,500
Assiniboines	580	4,060
Blackfeet	300	2,100
Piegans	350	2,450
Blood Indians	250	1,750
Sarcees	50	350
Gros Ventres	300	2,100
Saulteaux	20	140
Half-breeds	40	280

Totals 2,390 16,730

Daring Employees.

"Small as this census is for a territory at least as large as England, the force of the company's servants is infinitely smaller. But in any case of inevitable collision, our people never recede from their purpose. To give an instance: a band of Assiniboines had carried off twenty-four horses from Edmonton, and, being pursued, they were overtaken at the small river Boubliere. One of the keepers of the animals, a very courageous man of the name of Francois Lucie, plunged into the stream, grappling in the midst with a tall savage, and in spite of his inferiority in strength he kept so close that his enemy could not draw his bow. Still, however, the Indian continued to strike his enemy on the head with the weapon in question, and thereby knocked him off his horse into the water. Springing immediately to his feet Lucie was about to smite the Assiniboine with his dagger, when the savage arrested his arm by seizing a whip which was hanging to his wrist by a loop, and then, turning round the handle, with a snarling yell, he threw the string so tight as to render the poor man's hand nearly powerless. Francois continued, nevertheless, to saw away at the fellow's fingers with his dagger till he nearly cut them off; and when at length the

Assiniboine of necessity relaxed his grasp, Francois, with the quickness of thought, sheathed the deadly weapon in his heart."

Live Stock and Farm.

"On our last afternoon we made a tour of the farm. The pasturage was most luxuriant and a large dairy was maintained. Among the cattle was a buffalo heifer of seven years of age, procured for the purpose of crossing the breed; but every domestic bull had always appeared afraid of her. Sheep could not be kept, for in addition to the severity of the climate, the packs of dogs and wolves in the neighborhood would have destroyed them. Barley generally yielded a fair return; but wheat was almost sure to be destroyed by the early frosts. The garden produced potatoes, turnips, and a few other hardy vegetables.

Cosmopolitan and Dickens

Charles Dickens is still a "best seller." Publishers don't argue pro and con over his books—they just order a new carload of paper, oil the presses, and let them speed on. And it has been over forty years since, one morning when the yard was filled with scarlet geraniums and the breath of spring was heavy in the air, the great author followed Little Nell. Now that the centenary of his birth (February 7th, 1812) approaches and everybody is thinking of Dickens, we have secured several articles which will tell many things about him that have hitherto been unknown. In the January Cosmopolitan his son, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, will tell you some of his own personal recollections of the great novelist. Later, probably in February, Mary Angela Dickens, his granddaughter, will give an intimate view of Dickens as she remembers him. In fact, in these and other articles on Dickens which will follow—fully illustrated of course—we shall aim to give you a more vivid picture than has yet been published of the human—the home—side of the great master, written by those who knew him best. Read the articles—they will surely arouse a new interest in the "Best Beloved" author in your library. Subscriptions to Cosmopolitan will be accepted, until December 5th, at the special low rate to Canada of \$1.50. Cosmopolitan Agency, Box 854, Winnipeg.

GRIPPE LEFT HIM A CONFIRMED INVALID

But he Found a Cure in Dodd's
Kidney Pills

Quebec Postmaster was confined to bed when he started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills—They cured him.

Tippins, Pontiac Co., Que., Nov. 27. (Special).—Postmaster F. Tippins, of this place, who for three years has been more or less of an invalid, and who for some time was confined to his bed, is up and around again, a healthy and hearty man. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

"After recovering from an attack of Grippe," the Postmaster says in telling the story of his cure. "I took a pain in my back and I suffered for nearly three years, finally getting so bad that I was confined to my bed."

"One day I told my wife to go and get me some Dodd's Kidney Pills, as that would be the last medicine I would try. After using about half the box I began to feel better, so I kept on taking them. When I had taken two boxes I was able to get up, and ten boxes cured me completely.

The principal danger of Grippe is the after effects. The way to guard against this is strengthen the kidneys so they can strain all the dregs of the disease out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills are always the last medicine anyone takes for Kidney Disease. It always cures and no other medicine is needed.

THE Real Rush FOR Overcoats

WE'RE doing a Lion's share of the Trade because our Values merit it. And the values count in the quality, the styles and the prices we are asking for the goods we sell. You seldom can find a larger assortment, and you certainly will not see anywhere an overcoat made that's as close to the designs which fashions have decreed as the most correct, than those tailored by us. Our output has a tremendous increase over last season. If you are in need of an Automobile Ulster, Double Breasted Overcoat, or a Dress Overcoat in Beaver, Melton, or Lama, with the lining, tailoring, fit and style the very best.

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If you have not made your appointment for your "Xmas Photos" Phone 5075 right away.

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EDMONTON

IN MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

It was one of those parishes with a wealth of district-visitors, and the benign old lady who made herself responsible for the particular street appeared at the door of No. 18B.

Mother was ill in bed, and the visitor's gentle knock was answered by a small child in her arms, and another hanging to her skirt.

"And how's mother, my dear?" asked the district visitor, with a smile that invited confidence.

"Hearing that the mistress of the establishment was improving, she turned upon the temporary mother with another smile.

"And I hope, my dear," said she, "you are doing your best to be a mother to your little brothers and sisters?"

"Course I am!" replied the first-born proudly. "I've whacked 'em all three times wiv me 'and, and once wiv the rolling-pin."

Home and Society

A complete record of this week's gay doings would fill a small-sized book.

Parties to the right of you, parties to the left of you; young sets and older ones, meetings of Parliament, partings of visitors, balls, dinners, "High Jinks" in prospect on the 5th, so the social ball is being kept in motion. And now with regard to events in the past, crowded out of last week's paper.

Notable among them was of course Mrs. Arthur Mowat's huge reception at Updown Villa, on Thursday, when all the youth, beauty and prominent society people at the Capital surely put in an appearance.

Mrs. Mowat's charm and popularity in Edmonton is only equalled by that of her husband, and legions of friends dropped in between the social hours of four and six, had a few words with their hostess, very daintily and exquisitely gowned in lovely amethyst chiffon velvet and rare old lace, a word of greeting from Mr. Mowat, and passed on to admire the tea-table, a striking and unusually beautiful arrangement of a long silver embroidered Indian scarf—an heirloom in the family—handsome Sheffield candelabra, and an old Sheffield and crystal pergne, from which blossomed forth a veritable flower garden of soft rose chrysanthemums.

Everyone was saying how exquisite it was, and the delightful music furnished by Turner's orchestra, and the sprinkling of gay cavaliers. Mr. Pardee and Mr. Mowat, Jr., assisting in looking after the guests, as well as the daughters of the house, Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Percy Hardisty; while the ever-popular Updown bachelors lent a willing hand in passing the delicious refreshments.

Mrs. Mowat Bigger, Mrs. James Bigger, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mrs. Nightingale and a flock of pretty girls had the tea-table arrangements in charge, and a smarter, merrier tea-party has not foregathered in Edmonton in many moons.

Mrs. Tod Lane's Bridge the same evening, at which eight tables of enthusiastic players contested the honors, Mr. Pennock of Vancouver being the raison d'être, added another jolly evening to a truly record week.

This delightful home is beautifully adapted for entertaining, and on Thursday, with its profusion of beautiful shaggy 'mums, and the crowd of happy players, made an unusually attractive picture.

Mrs. Lane was wearing a pretty frock of old rose satin, with Venetian Point lace garnitures.

Honors fell to Mrs. Dickens and Dr. Duncan Smith who went home carrying two charming prizes.

Mrs. Frank Ford on Thursday was also a Bridge hostess, entertaining in the afternoon three tables, who enjoyed a thoroughly good game. Mrs. J. J. Anderson and Mrs. Duncan Smith were the lucky ones, carrying off two attractive awards for being best players.

Mrs. Ford received in a most becoming pale blue foulard frock, and Mrs. T. W. Lines and Mrs. Ferris did the honors of the tea-table.

Friday found Bridge and Tea-goers, fairly flying to keep their engagements. Mrs. E. B. Edwards had a little tea-party for Mrs. Stephenson of Peterborough, Mr. Justice Beck's sister, and a much-feted visitor in town. Mrs. Frank Smith had three tables in for Bridge. Mrs. Dickens (almost one might write it as usual) and Mrs. Howard Douglas, carrying off cut glass and silver favors, as souvenirs of a happy afternoon's play.

Mrs. Smith was looking most attractive in a sweet little frock of white marquisette with coral jewels, and bands of coral pink on the skirt and bodice.

The tea table was a picture, being centred by a great shower of crimson and white carnation and fern, in the prettiest wicker basket. Here Mrs. Barnes did the honors, a few dropping in for tea and a chat with their more strenuous sister card-players.

Mrs. Crafts and her daughter, Mrs. C. Gallinger, also chose Friday to hold a huge reception at Mrs. Crafts' fine new home on Fourth street, and all afternoon the street was lined with callers, and the hostesses and those assisting them in doing the tea-table honors were kept more than busy welcoming their guests and looking after their comfort.

Mrs. Crafts received in a modish gown of tan colored satin, with touches of coral pink and heavy silk fringe.

Mrs. Gallinger was in old gold satin with an overdress of white spangled ninon and deep silver fringe.

Mrs. Robt. Lee who assisted them, wore a handsome black Brussels lace robe over king's blue satin.

Brass candlesticks and shaggy golden 'mums adorned the tea-table, where Mrs. Fred Ross and

(Continued on Page Six.)

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MODERN WARFARE.

"On yonder hill," cried the general, scanning the battlefield with his glasses, "I see a black mass of men. What are they?"

"Camera-fiends," replied the second in command.

"And who are occupying that field to the south-west?"

"Those," answered the S.I.C., "are operators for the biograph."

"I see a battalion of curious-shaped guns."

"They are not guns; they are gramophones and phonographs, in which are to be recorded the roar of the cannons and the cries of the wounded."

"'Tis well!" exclaimed the general, stroking his moustache complacently "Let the battle begin!"



6,000 WOMEN WOULD MARRY COLONEL GREEN.

Colonel E. H. Green, of New York, son of Hetty Green, intimated recently that "he would marry if he could meet his ideal woman. As a result he has received over 6,000 palpitating love missives, women of all ages and conditions proffering their hands and hearts.

A QUEER VIEW OF LIFE.
Toronto Star Weekly.

A newspaper says that life in London is once more in full swing. This means that the law courts are opened, Parliament is in session, and the theatre season begun. It seems to be a rather limited view of "life." During the summer men and women were courting, getting married, succeeding and failing in business, dying, struggling to live. The queerest comedies, the most pitiful tragedies, the most stirring dramas were being enacted; but apparently life was not in full swing.

This idea that "nothing is doing" out of the season exhibits the limitations of journalism. We can describe a play, a scene in Parliament, or the courts—a war, a fire, or a murder. We cannot penetrate that inner part of the temple where most of the really important things are done. That is the privilege of the novelist, and the reason for the eternal strength of the novel, and its hold upon the heart of mankind. Dickens does not care whether the season in London is in or out. The humblest shop or lodging will serve as a stage for his actors to play their parts. Even lesser men in his field have some of his art of investing the daily life of the people with the magical light of romance. Fiction lives, not because of its falsity, but because of its truth. It can deal with a freedom and delicacy which is denied to the newspaper.

"You'll be late for supper, sonny," said a merchant, in passing a small boy who was carrying a package.
"No, I won't," was the reply. "I've got de meat."—Lippincott's.



IN COLD STORAGE TO CURE HAY FEVER

The very latest thing in remedies for that mid-summer plague, hay fever, is the cold storage cure. Though the medical world was in possession of the knowledge that there was much therapeutic value in the breathing of cold air for respiratory diseases, little use has ever been made of it except in winter when rooms could be rigged up on the verandah or elsewhere. In summer, the doctors seemed amazingly helpless. Hay fever comes on about the middle of August and the first frost usually dispels it.

THE MIRROR.

(Continued from Page Two.)

I don't want a present—Pity only
Some scissors that fold in a case.
I heard father saying to mother,
"How long is she planning to roam?"
With love,
Your affectionate brother.
You'd better come home!

I see that Chief of Police Lancey has under consideration a recommendation that an infirmary should be established in connection with the police station, for the treatment of inebriates who would otherwise be committed to the cells.

Those who do much reading of the daily papers will recognize at once how wise a step this would be. Not one case of death in the cells from alcoholic excesses, but dozens, attest how dangerous a practice it is to treat a drunk as an ordinary criminal.

This week I happened to have an interview with the chief, and was impressed with his courtesy, his general wide-awakeness, and his ability, and honesty as an officer. In him I am persuaded the citizens of Edmonton have a most excellent man to look after their interests.

Policemen on the beat, and Chiefs as well, are not always noted for these qualities. I have a delicious recollection of a young friend of mine losing a valuable overcoat from an hotel cloak room, reporting the same to the chief within ten minutes, and being told—I may mention that the chief was seated before a grate-fire solving the problems of the nation, and that he continued to gaze at the glowing embers as he delivered himself of the following wisdom:

"I guess it must have been stole." Probably expecting it to pop out any moment from the bed of coats.

Our Chief is a rattling, energetic fellow as his record goes to show, and that he is possessed too, of intelligence enough not only to keep up the force, but initiate reforms, his latest suggestion goes to prove.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Municipal Corporation of the City of Edmonton will apply to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Alberta at the next session thereof, for an Act validating and confirming By-law No. 335 of the City of Edmonton, being entitled "A By-law to grant partial exemption from taxation and certain other privileges to the Grand Trunk Pacific Development Company, Limited," and the agreement entered as a schedule thereto.

Dated at Edmonton this 24th day of November, 1941.

JOHN C. F. BOWN,
Solicitor for the Applicant.

FROM A PHILOSOPHER'S NOTEBOOK.

From Lippincott's.

Few men like to be decorated with the meddle of their neighbors.

In argument, unlike aviation, a great many men are not finally landed until they go up in the air.

The man who writes gloomy poetry is some thing like a farmer who used a barrow for a reaper. Some men refuse to open the door when opportunity knocks, because they say she does not belong to their set.

If men would only realize that the wee small hours are no wee-er, or smaller than the others, they might turn them to better account.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Office of District Passenger Agent.

Important Changes in Grand Trunk Pacific Train Service.

The Grand Trunk Pacific announce that effective November 29th, trains 11 and 12 on the Camrose-Mirror-Regina Branch will be discontinued and replaced by mixed service. Trains 5 and 6, on the Melville-Yorkton-Canora Branch will also be discontinued, and this branch will be served by mixed service. Trains 3 and 4 on the main line between Winnipeg and Watrous will be discontinued, trains 1 and 2 making the local stops between these points. No. 1 will leave Winnipeg at 4 p.m., arriving Saskatoon 8.30 a.m., Edmonton 9.15 p.m. No. 2 will leave Edmonton 9 a.m., arrive Saskatoon 9.30 p.m. and Winnipeg 3.50 p.m.

The consist of No. 2 will be electric lighted sleepers and diners, tourist car, day coaches and baggage car. On and after November 29, be sure the folder you have is dated November 29th or later.

This is Your Last Chance to Secure Cosmopolitan at the Special Low Rate (to Canada) of \$1.50. Subscriptions accepted at this rate until Dec. 5. COSMOPOLITAN AGENCY, box 851, Winnipeg

"THE WORLD'S BEST MAGAZINE" (?)

Whether Cosmopolitan deserves the compliment recently paid it by W. T. Stead, the eminent English Author-Journalist is not for us to say, but we frankly admit that we believe that in so far as America is concerned, we are producing the best magazine ever published. Kindly glance over the list of contributors to coming numbers and the range of subject matter treated:

SIR GILBERT PARKER, eminently sane and entertaining writer for the sound, even mind of the great public, author of "The Right of Way," "Seats of the Mighty," and many other notable books.

JACK LONDON, master of the short story, America's most Virile writer, author of such gripping tales as "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," and many others throbbing with elemental passions and resounding with din of the fierce fight for existence. Mr. London will contribute a "Smoke Bellew" story—which by the way is the best work he has yet done—each month. Read one of these stories and you will want to read them all.

ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY. A man died the other day, and with his death passed America's most popular hero—popular because championed by the people, though officially denied the fruits of his long and brilliant service. This man was Admiral Schley, hero of Santiago, one of the great sea-fighters of history. Shortly before his death Admiral Schley completed for the Cosmopolitan a series of articles giving his personal recollections of his forty-five years in the navy. He was not anxious to do this for there was at least one old sore that an autobiography must re-open. But we urged upon him the fact that nearly four million readers would see each installment of his story, and that most of these readers believed, with Admiral Dewey, that the men who stood on the deck of the BROOKLYN that July Sunday in '98 was entitled to the glory of that great victory.

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER'S justly famous "GET-RICH-QUICK" stories will continue to appear monthly chronicling the adventures of our old friends J. RUFUS and BLACKIE. They are such thoroughly charming rogues that you find yourself hoping to goodness they will get away with it. Anything short of complete success you would keenly regret. Thus it is when by a sudden turn of the wheel a promotor offers Wallingford \$1,000,000 for a franchise and right-of-way which has cost him nothing and it is seen that he will not have to make a hurried departure there is intense relief. These stories will continue during the year. Subscribe now. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, psychological, subtle, master of the clarities of English style, author of many short stories of pre-eminent merit, reminiscent of the great Robert Louis Stevenson, of whom he is an undoubted disciple though not in any sense an imitator.

WILL CANADA STAND FOR THE EXPLOITATION OF HER TIMBER AND NATURAL RESOURCES AS THE STATES HAVE DONE? Charles Edward Russell has made for the Cosmopolitan a thorough investigation of lumber trust methods—he has followed the slippery trail of the lumber octopus literally from coast to coast—and he has the "goods." You will be surprised at his revelations—at the tremendous power of the trust, its brazen indifference to all but its own interests, its hold upon legislators, its highway method of national pocket-picking. It will be a great series of articles—vitally interesting to every one who has ever bought any part of a tree. The first article will appear in January.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS' new novel, "The Turning Point," illustrated by CHARLES DANA GIBSON, begins with the Christmas numbers. This story will run through several months and we feel justified in making the claim that it will prove to be more popular with the reading public than was "The Common Law," which recently appeared in Cosmopolitan. (Remember her Today with a subscription to Cosmopolitan. She will remember and appreciate your thoughtfulness and consideration for her, every month during 1942. Subscribe now, sending your name and hers, and a neatly engraved card bearing the announcement of your subscription for her will be delivered about December 25th.)

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS' last work "The Price She Paid," which this gifted Author finished shortly before his death, will run during the Winter months. In this story we have Mr. Phillips at his best and those of you who read "The Grain of Dust" will understand what that means. The illustrations are by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS, language champion, America's greatest political writer will report political events of the coming Presidential campaign for Cosmopolitan.

In addition to the above there will appear during the year 1942 the best work of many other writers and artists of national prominence. This is your last chance to secure Cosmopolitan at the special low rate, to Canada, of \$1.50. Your subscription must be mailed to us not later than December 5th—earlier if possible—as only 800,000 copies of the Christmas number will be published.

FAMILY GROUP		Canada	Postage	Total
COSMOPOLITAN—For him and her		\$1.50	.50	\$2.00
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING—For her and him,		\$1.50	.50	2.00
WORLD TO DAY—For the whole family		\$3.00	1.00	4.00
UNTIL DECEMBER 5 ALL THREE TO ONE ADDRESS				

\$5.

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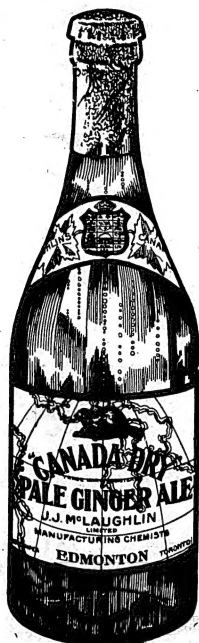
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Pale Ginger Ale

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All Grocers and Liquor Stores

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



Old University of Toronto men, even those who haven't seen a football game in a decade, rejoice to learn of the unprecedented success of the team representing their alma mater, which has won the Canadian championship for the third year in succession. Twenty thousand people are said to have witnessed the game with the Argonauts, which shows that football has developed since the days when many a final struggle found the crowd altogether along the touch-lines. The score, 14-7 indicates how close the match was and it is easy to understand how all held their breaths when the Argonaut halves got away for a run down the field and but one or two strong tacklers stood between them and a touch-down. That is a thrilling moment, none more so in the whole field of sport.

Another year it is to be hoped the western champions will have a chance to meet those of the east. It seems that the Alberta league did not join the Canadian Football Union, so Calgary could not challenge, even after its well earned victory against the Winnipeg Rowing Club.

The Toronto Star, weekly, furnishes this interesting sketch of the athletic career of the late member for Calgary:

"Mr. McCarthy, who is a cousin of Mr. Leighton, K.C., of Toronto, was born in Orangeville, and, that being the case, he, of course, played lacrosse as a boy. He was also a baseball pitcher when Orangeville had a crack amateur team. When he went to Trinity College School he learned cricket and became captain of the school team. He can still play the English national game. A couple of years ago Calgary was playing Edmonton, the team was short a man, and at the last minute Mac was asked to fall in. He was looked upon as a has-been, and was sent to bat last, but he hit out the very tidy score of 37.

"After leaving Trinity Mr. McCarthy went in for Rugby, and was the strongest man on the old Hamilton Tigers and the champion Osgoodes. He was captain of the Tigers two years, and was considered to be one of the best wing men in the Dominion.

"Mr. McCarthy was also a fine oarsman, and stroked the Argonaut four for seven years. He was stroked in 1896 at the famous Brockville regatta, when his crew was beaten by Winnipeg for the Dominion championship, the latter then going to Henley. When attending Parliament he occasionally took a spin on the river with the Ottawa four for exercise. Some years ago a game of cricket was arranged between the members of Parliament and a team from Rideau Hall, captained by Earl Grey. Mr. McCarthy and Hon. Charles Hyman went to bat first for the Parliamentarians, and broke up the game by staying in all day.

The man who writes of horses in the Montreal Standard tells of the effort made by Raymond Dale, of Qu'Appelle, Sask., to win the English Derby. When a small boy he declared he would accomplish that feat. Since he has had to take care of himself and make his own living his great aim has been to breed a really good horse and win the great race to prove its worth. Should he ever succeed with a colt by his horse Kelston his chief pleasure would be derived from the fact that once again the line of Longfellow (sire of Kelston) would be brought to the front, corroborating his claim that Longfellow was one of the greatest horses that ever lived. This actuated him in sending his colt Kel d'Or to run in the Derby.

Mr. Dale believes that his sire Kelston would be suited by Stockwell mares. Kel d'Or has not justified his hopes, but there is some excuse for this, as the colt met with a setback when very young. Like all of Longfellow's strain, Kel d'Or was a big growly colt and could not recover a setback as a smaller colt might have done. Mr. Dale fed him personally after this, and as the horse never stopped growing his constitution may have been impaired. Mr. Dale himself broke Kel d'Or and trained him also until he placed him under the care of "Sam" Darling, at Beckhampton, England. Darling considered him very backward in all but growth. Mr. Dale tried to impress upon the great English trainer that all of Kel d'Or's strain were backward, so that the trainer would not be easily discouraged.

The young horseman shipped Kel d'Or from his home in Saskatchewan, Canada, in the summer

of 1910 to Beckhampton in person. The journey required twenty-one days. They stopped three days in Montreal, and were overrun with kodak fiends, so much attention had been attracted to Mr. Dale's efforts. The trip across the ocean was slow, but safe and uneventful. A Marconigram was sent to Darling, but when the vessel arrived there was no one to meet the visitors, so Mr. Dale himself saddled and rode the Derby candidate to Beckhampton, a distance of six miles. At Darling's all were in bed, but some of the lads were quickly aroused and the colt was made comfortable.

Next morning Sam Darling complimented Mr. Dale upon owning such a good-looking colt, saying that he compared favorably with the best English youngsters, and said further that he looked like a four-year-old. Mr. Dale did not see his colt again until the following February (1911). He was taken unawares into a stall, and to his great pleasure Kel d'Or recognized him and evinced all his old playful habits. Darling, however, was not satisfied with the colt's progress, and his owner sent him to Mr. Peebles, as Mr. Dale thought that trainer's methods both in and out of the stable would just suit Kel d'Or, he being a very sensitive, high strung colt. Peebles was greatly impressed with Kel d'Or's resemblance in many respects to a great handicap horse called Velocity, but soon ascertained that the colt was backward and could not be made to stay over seven furlongs with good horses, though it was not want of stamina, he thought.

Imperative business called Mr. Dale to Canada, and he was unable to get back in time to see the colt run in the Derby. He knew that Kel d'Or was far from fit to race, but cabled to Peebles to start him notwithstanding. Though Mr. Dale did not know it Kel d'Or had "buckled" his shins only two weeks before the Derby. One month before the race he was at 33 to 1; three days before it he was 1,000 to 1, showing what a forlorn hope it was. Nevertheless, a small bet was cabled over by Mr. Dale. The colt ran creditably for a mile to the top of the hill, and then his tender shins found the hard going too much and the colt was eased up. After this Peebles had doubts of getting Kel d'Or to a race this year, and with great regret Mr. Dale found it necessary to sell his colt.

Though not successful this time Mr. Dale is not discouraged and will keep on breeding with a view to producing in Canada a winner of the Epsom Derby. In this respect he is following out the aims of the Messrs. Segrain, Hendrie, Dymont, Campbell and other Canadian lovers of the horse.

While campaigning in his home state, Mr. Cannon, formerly speaker for the U.S. House of Representatives, was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of town where he was billed to speak.

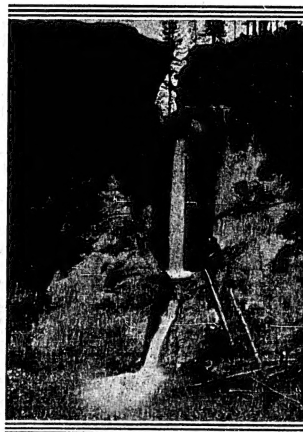
In one of the lower grades, an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph, Mr. Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"But, hush! hard" declaimed the youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which Mr. Cannon was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

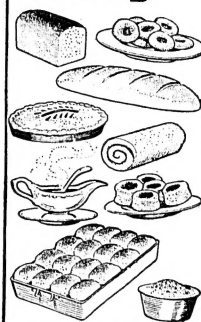
"But hark" (bawled the boy)—"That heavy sounds breaks in once more, And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!"

That was too much, and the laugh broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Joe" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."



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A merry little party had paid the customary ten cents each to fish in the river which ran through old Farmer Crop's orchard. It was a warm day, and one of the anglers suddenly expressed his intention of having a swim. Farmer Crop, however, coming up at that moment, objected strongly to anything of the sort near his house. Then, with a wink to his companions, the wag drew Farmer Crop's attention to the notice-board, which read: "Admission to river, ten cents."

"So you see," remarked the joker, prior to taking a header. "I've paid for it, so here goes."

Then Farmer Crop pounced on the bather's clothes. "Aw reckon ye paid for yer cloas an' all, mister," he chuckled, "an' they're goin' in, too."

And they did, every stitch, amidst roars of laughter.

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HOME AND SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page Five.)

Mrs. Ward poured coffee and tea the first hour, and Mrs. Magrath, Mrs. Ironside, Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Deeton, later relieved them.

An orchestra, discoursed sweet music during the afternoon, and added very materially to the success of the huge tea-party.

Friday night Mrs. J. J. Anderson had an eight table Bridge, when I hear everyone had a jolly time, and Mrs. Scobel, Madame Thibadeau, and Mrs. Lane, and Mr. Frank Ford, Mr. Townshend and Mr. Charlesworth carried off the prizes.

Saturday Mrs. W. E. Lines, so far as I know, held undisputed sway at the tea-hour. Hosts of people crowded the delightful rooms, beautiful and fragrant with quantities of exquisite roses, and cheerily inviting with two crackling grate fires. The youth and beauty were there, and the nice women, and the clever ones, and everybody enjoyed gossip over the tremendous goings-on in town, and speculated over others still on the tapis.

Mrs. Lines was a radiant young matron in soft grey satin veiled in chiffon, with a bewitching fichu of lace and chiffon, and a knot of violet velvet at the waist-line. Diamond and emerald jewels were worn.

Mrs. Rhodes was also handsomely frocked, wearing such a becoming dove-grey toilette, with a smart black chapeau.

The tea-room was in charge of Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, and Mrs. Henwood, Miss Rathbun, Miss Bessie Scott, Miss Oliver and Miss Bouchier assisting.

The floral arrangements here were very beautiful. Everything was pink. Showers of pink roses in a silver and crystal epergne; pink candle lights; pink ices.

So the week closed, and Monday the game began again.

Before though I begin on Monday I must not forget a few announcements.

Mrs. Dickens will hold her first reception this year, on Wednesday next.

Miss Jean Forsythe has opened her "Blue Moon" tea rooms, such fine, cheery, spick-and-span rooms, in the new Bellamy Implement block on Howard avenue, and to prepared not only to serve tea, but luncheons, private and general, to rent the rooms for private dances, and dear knows what enterprising schemes. Needless to remark all her old clientele and friends are following her to her new quarters, and are loud in their admiration of the wise change.

The opening "tea" of the Ladies Curling Club will be held at the Capital Curling Rink next Friday, Mrs. Barnes, the President, and Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Vice President, being the tea hour hostesses. It is hoped that a match can be arranged for that afternoon. The skips chosen so far this year are: Mrs. Griesbach, Mrs. Jack Smythe, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Balmer Watt, and Miss Cook.

Practice days are Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, between the hours of one and six.

I hear that Mr. Joe Morris, who has been very ill with a low fever, and whose condition has caused a great deal of alarm to his friends, is slightly improved. Many anxious enquiries have reached Mrs. Morris, who has been his devoted nurse, and who is very thankful to be able to report a change for the better.

A large number of callers dropped in at "Belton Lodge" on Tuesday, when Mrs. Cautley received, assisted by her guest, Mrs. McPherson. Mrs. McPherson goes on to visit Mrs. Bralshaw this Friday.

Dr. Fortin of Winnipeg, whose marriage to Miss Webster takes place early in the new year, has been visiting his fiancée all of this week.

Mrs. J. J. McDonnell will receive the last Thursday of each month.

Miss Lindner of Calgary arrived on Monday to visit Mrs. Sifton at "Garrykennagh." Mrs. Sley came on on Wednesday, but Mrs. Nolan, who was to have made the third member of the house-party, has been detained in Calgary owing to the sudden illness of her only son, a student at Strathcona University.

I knew that with the voluminous entertaining that has gone on this week I should end up by missing something.

On Saturday Mrs. Sifton had a tiny tea at Garrykennagh, when about a dozen guests spent a cheery hour over the tea cups.

The Keonmee Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire are holding a little musical soiree at Mrs. A. V. Blain's residence on Victoria avenue on Mon-

day evening, at half past eight, in aid of the furnishing of a ward in the Strathcona Hospital. No admission is charged but a collection will be taken at the door.

Mons. and Madame Martin moved into their new house on Fifteenth street last Thursday week, and are now engaged in the interesting pastime of getting settled.

Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulyea are entertaining the Cabinet Ministers and their wives to dinner at Government House on Monday. Covers will be laid for twelve.

The Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan and Mrs. Brown, arrived from Regina on Wednesday, to spend a fortnight at Government House.

Mrs. H. I. Millar, of Wetaskiwin came up on Monday and returned home on Tuesday, to spend a short farewell visit with Mrs. Frank Sommerville, who goes on an extended visit to the States early in December.

A steady stream of friends from both sides of the Saskatchewan, called on Mrs. A. C. Rutherford on Monday afternoon, the hostess receiving her visitors in the fine big library, wearing a rich toilette of black satin, veiled in net, with handsome jet ornaments.

Mrs. H. E. Hardisty, 1157 McKay avenue, will not receive on Monday, December 4th, owing to illness.

Mrs. R. W. McKinnell, 657 Fifteenth street, will receive on Tuesday, December 5th, from four to six, for the first time this season. Mrs. McKinnell's aunt, Miss Agnes Reid, of Ottawa, who is spending the winter in Edmonton, will receive with her.

Monday, Mrs. Harry Cooper gave a tea for the "unmarrieds," with a sprinkling of young matrons.

Mrs. Cooper received, wearing a pretty house dress of cream satin striped grenadine, with touches of the ever popular Paddy green. Assisting her were Mrs. Alan Fraser, Mrs. D. R. Haines, and Mrs. Ghiselin, and the table was a lovely arrangement of crimson carnations and soft-shaded candle lights.

Monday afternoon Mrs. Elsworth Moore also gave a Bridge-Tea for her mother, Mrs. Reynolds, or Toronto.

Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. McPherson won the prizes, and Mrs. Cautley and Mrs. Horace Harvey did the honors of the tea-table.

Tuesday three hostesses entertained at the tea hour, Madame Cauchon, Mrs. N. D. Beck and Mrs. David MacFarlane; Mrs. Hislop had a dinner party in honor of Mrs. Scovil of Kenora, Mrs. Charlesworth's mother; Squadron A held their customary Fortnightly dance, and Mrs. C. R. Mitchell gave a luncheon of ten covers.

Madame Cauchon's Five o'Clocker was one of those pleasant intimate parties, where there were just guests enough to amuse each other. She is a charming hostess, and looked very sweet and distinctive in a violet silk toilette with touches of filmy lace and a deeper shade of velvet.

Mrs. Nash received with her mother, and was very chic and petite in a dainty frock of pale blue satin veiled in chiffon, a large black hat and diamond ornaments.

Miss Cauchon was strikingly attractive in Paddy green chiffon, over white satin, with a band of the vastly becoming shade in her dark hair. Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Donald Macdonald and Mrs. Dickens presented the delicious tea-table dainties, at a table effectively arranged with handsome white 'mums.

(Continued on Page Nine.)

WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE.

From the Ottawa Journal.

The truth is that there is a callous indifference to the loss of life in America which is hard to understand. The older nations—Great Britain in particular—could teach us a salutary lesson in this regard. To such a pitch of excellence have the railways of England arrived in speedy, yet safe transportation that many a year not a single passenger among the hundreds of millions carried meets a

NOTICE

Take notice that the memorials and plans regarding the application of the St. Albert Collieries, Limited, to divert one fourth of one cubic foot of water per second from the Sturgeon River, at a point in River Lot Fifty-four (54), Township Fifty-three, (53), Range Twenty-five, (25), West of the Fourth Meridian, for industrial or other purposes, have been filed with the Commissioner of Irrigation, pursuant to the provisions of the Irrigation Act. Dated at Edmonton, Alberta, this 23rd day of October, A. D., 1911.

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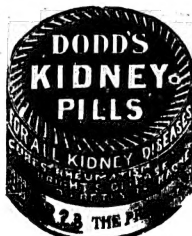
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it's right.

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and besides that, it saves a lot of
words not fit to print.

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Teaching by example is a very old
principle in the world, for good and
for evil; and this is why we should
be, as a people, on the alert for good
examples, in things social, as well as
political, in things educational, in
things industrial, and in everything.
In fact which makes for true prog-
ress. But it is undeniable that the
Canadians, of the older provinces at
any rate, are conservative in their
ways in these respects, and are slow
to adopt methods or movements to
which we have not been accus-
tomed. During the last five or six
years, for instance, there have been
some remarkable movements in sev-
eral of the western states for the
improvement of agricultural methods,
and which have resulted in adding
vastly to the wealth of the farmers
in those states. But the whole-soul-
ed enthusiasm which has marked
these movements, in which there was
the heartiest co-operation between
the state legislatures, the agricultural
colleges, the railway companies
and the farmers, is something, as yet,
peculiarly western in its spirit,
and hardly to be looked for in the
more staid east. The story of the
latest of these movements is told in
the November Technical World Mag-
azine, and if we cannot, in this part
of the continent, reproduce its swing-
we can, at least, appropriate it, if we
will, the principle that was taught.
This time a great experiment, a co-
operative experiment, was carried out
in the state of Iowa, for the purpose
of showing, first, that every farmer
can easily test his seed corn; next,
that every farmer should do so, and
lastly, that the seed so selected would
vastly increase the corn production of
the state without any increase in the
acreage seeded. The actual results
of this year's experiments have not
yet been determined, but the cam-
paign proposed in the spring looked
forward to an increase of 100,000,000
bushels, of a cash value of fifty mil-
lion dollars.

The campaign was started by Pro-
fessor Hollen, of the Iowa State Ag-
ricultural College. He broadly placed
the bare arithmetic of the question
before the people and asked the 200-
odd farmers of the state to take the
trouble, in the spring to test the seed
corn before planting. The test was a
simple one. Directions were given
for the making of the germination
box, and a system of numbering given
so that the kernels from the good
ears could be distinguished from the
discarded ones. Six kernels from an ear
was sufficient for a test, and a single
kernel of the six failing to germinate
disqualified the whole ear. There are
about a thousand kernels to an ear
of corn, and this is where arithmetic
comes in. In the past Iowa farmers
have used ears which showed four or
five kernels out of six tested com-
ing out strong and vigorous in the
germination box. Yet one kernel
out of the six unfit means that one-
sixth of the ears will not grow. Plant-
ing three kernels in the hill there is a
loss of fifty hills. If only an aver-
age of one and a half ears was raised
to the hill there would be a loss of a
bushel of corn; fifty cents in value,
for every ear of seed corn which test-
ed one kernel bad out of six. The
campaign in Iowa this spring was to
use only such seed corn as tested six
kernels strong, and vigorous out of
every six tried. It was a case of sim-
ple arithmetic, but it appealed
with force to a great body of intelli-
gent farmers who had already been
aroused in a general way to the im-
portance of seed testing. The daily
newspapers and the agricultural pa-
pers took it up and then the general
managers of five great railway lines
Board of Professor Hollen's remark-
able ear special seed corn testing
campaign as a result, traversing hun-
dreds of miles of the Burlington,
Rock Island, Milwaukee, Great West-
ern and North Western routes. It
is estimated that 50,000 farmers at-
tended the seed testing demonstra-
tions given in this way.

The article in question gives other
interesting details of the work that is
being done in Iowa in the application
of scientific principles to the chief
agricultural product of the state. But
the enthusiastic response of the farm-
ers of Iowa to a seed testing cam-
paign, showing as it does a solid con-
fidence in scientific methods, is the
large lesson it conveys for other and
more conservative communities.
These men are good farmers, but
they are not so sure that there is al-
ways something to be learned. The
experimental, it is true, was particu-
larly called for this year, in view of the
fact that a good deal of last year's

corn was injured by frost, and it was
therefore necessary to know whether
or not that which was saved for seed
would germinate. The simple-
home-made germinating box told the
story. It was not left to the hazard
of the year's work to find out the
proportion of poor seed to good seed.
The great point about the farmers of
Iowa, Wisconsin, and a few other
wide-awake and progressive agricul-
tural communities seems to be that
they are alive to the fact that science
and scientific methods are really a
help to them. They have got past
the conception that scientific agricul-
ture is mere "book-keeping." It is
not surprising, therefore, that they
are also the pioneers on this contin-
ent in the establishing of consolida-
ted rural high schools in which science
teaching plays an important part.

BOURASSA.

A Pen Sketch of the Nationalist
Lion.

Can the reader picture a man
nearing forty, five feet nine or ten
inches in height, of graceful figure,
wearing a close clipped beard,
black but tinged with grey, that be-
comes him well; eyes set fairly well
back in his head, which is square-
built and covered with close crop-
ped iron grey hair—if the reader can
picture such a man, that is Henri
Bourassa.

At least, that is Henri Bourassa
at rest.
In action, you see a man, trans-
formed. Undoubtedly he is an or-
ator—and perhaps something of an
actor. It has been said that he is
all actor.

Whether actor, or true orator,
whether he learns his speeches by
heart, as he has been accused of
doing, and merely recites them in
the accompaniment of impassioned
gestures, or whether his words flow
from the bottom of his heart, from
the well spring of his convictions, or
from a mastery ability in the art of
expressing that which he wishes to
say—whatever may be true of his
methods, the fact is indisputable
that he aways his audience in a re-
markable manner.

Yet one is inclined to listen to
the charge that it is merely the spell
of the actor that exerts—for in an
auditorium clothed in a dress suit
and fine linen, he is much more ef-
fective than in a cold rink, talking
in that and overcoat; and it is said
that in Drummond and Athabasca,
without his loyal band of Laval stu-
dents to hear him he was still less
effective—almost time in fact.

Nevertheless, to a greater or less
extent, he always carries the crowd
with him, temporarily at least.
Time will show whether or not his
leadership is based on a solid founda-
tion, making for permanency.

Bourassa likes dramatic effects—
witness his putting to a vote, in a
meeting consisting almost solely of
his own supporters, the resolution
which is quoted in the report of that
meeting published elsewhere in this
paper. The vote could not be any-
thing but absolutely unanimous or
practically so—four had the cour-
age to vote against it.

But the forest of frantically waving
arms from the other 15,000 was
certainly inspiring—into a Nationa-
list.

The Nationalist leader is pictur-
esque. His attitudes are striking,
he fulfills one's ideas of an orator.
When pressing home a point, he
leans far over towards his audience,
with outstretched arms and pointed
finger—then suddenly straighten
up, and throws his arms wide with
an imposing grace, which is very ef-
fective.

There is an odd little story re-
garding his preparation for the
meetings. It is said that for days
previous to a big political gathering,
he is shut up and sees no one, or
scarcely any one. This is probably
what gives rise to the story that
his speeches are written for him
and that he learns them by heart.

The oddest part of the story,
however, is that always, just before
one of his big meetings, he goes
to a church, and there spends an
hour alone in prayer!

W. SCANLAN, in Ottawa Journal.

True Philanthropy.

"You should endeavor to do some-
thing for the comfort of your fellow-
men," said the philanthropist, "with-
out thought of reward."

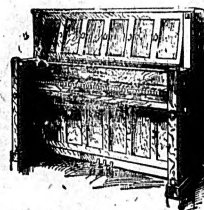
"I do. I buy umbrellas, instead
of borrowing them."—Washington
Star.

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100,001	"March Past of the Lancashire Brigade."	100,006	"Coronation Bells".....Partridge
100,002	Czardas "Coppella".....Delibes	100,009	"Wellington March".....Zehle
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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

The ability of an athlete to "come back" after a number of years of absence from sport in one of its branches has been discussed over and over again since the famous "go" at Reno last July. The New York Medical Journal takes it up from the scientific side in a very interesting article.

"Whatever the merits of the rumors of crookedness in the latest pugilistic event may be," says the man who writes it, "this much is certain, viz., that idleness, infractions of the laws of health, and the strain of training demanded and received their full and legitimate toll at the recent fight at Reno."

"Youth will be served," and, while thirty-five is young enough for successful effort in most fields of human endeavor, the athlete of that age is already old. There have been, it is true, exceptions to the rule, Fitzsimmons being a notable example. Fitzsimmons, in his prime, however, was little less than a freak of nature—a biological sport. In all my experience with athletes, and athletes—a period so long that I would rather not reduce it to figures—I have never met with a physique so remarkable as that of Fitzsimmons. He never was a Sandow, or in any sense a phenomenon, so far as bulk of muscle and mere brute strength were concerned, but he probably had more, better quality, and better disciplined muscle where he most needed it in his somewhat strenuous specialty than any pugilist who ever entered the ring. Above all, he led a very regular life and conserved his physical capital. His achievements and the age at which he accomplished some of them are no more to be taken as a criterion of average athletic capacity than the achievements of the genius are to be accepted as the standard of human brain capacity.

"My late friend, Edward Hanlan, king of the single sculls, once said to me: 'Doctor, the professional athlete finally lowers his colors, not because athletes are continually growing better, but because all athletes go back sooner or later. Age tells.' Mr. Hanlan's statement should be accepted as a truism. We do not breed men for athletics and cannot expect a strain of blood which will develop better and better athletes. Improved methods, larger financial rewards, and greater popularity of certain forms of athletics tend to elevate both standards and records, but the average capacity for athletics remains practically the same. The athlete comes to the fore, lays the best there is in him before the shrine, and holds his laurels until he starts on the toboggan slide for the land of 'gone back.' His triumphant successor travels the same road. There are record-breakers, it is true, but they are few in number and do not disprove what I have said. Records, like rewards, stimulate athletic endeavor, but apparently do not improve the average intrinsic capacity of athletes."

"It was poetic justice that Jeffries, who had never before met in the ring a man who could fairly be classed as a match for him, should travel the same road as had the men whom he himself had helped down the slide. Every 'top notch' whom he had ever whipped was well on his way to the dead lumber room of pugilism before Jeffries finished the work which Nature or self-maltreatment of his once splendid physique, or both, had begun. In the same way another popular idol was smashed at Reno by a younger, stronger man and the public was compelled to learn its lesson over again."

"The athlete who does not get the best out of himself before the age of thirty is exceptional. There are just so many battles in a man," aptly remarked a certain pugilist who chances to be a patient of mine. This experienced critic might have added: "There are just so many seasons of training in a man."

"The work of training is very strenuous. It should draw the best out of a man. He shows the best results who has the most reserve physical force on which to draw. Training goes hard with the man who has no reserve of energy in his physiological bank. He may have stamina enough to put himself in excellent muscular condition yet have no reserve left for emergencies on the day of trial. In the midst of the battle he finds himself a physical bankrupt. Jeffries was whipped by his training before he had ever faced Johnson, as was plain to him who could read between the lines."

But the most important part of the article is found in the concluding paragraph.

"I have repeatedly stated in my various writings on athletics my opposition to professional athletics of all kinds," we are told. "Athletes

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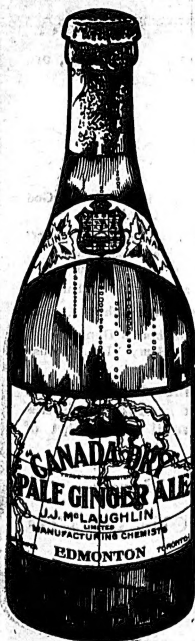
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for health and symmetrical development it could be the ideal. Athletics for records are well enough, provided there is no overstrain or imperfect preparation for events. Amateur athletics, especially boxing, fencing, and wrestling should be encouraged, but it will be a glum holiday when professional contests shall be no more. And I am not prejudiced against such contests because I deem them necessary either brutal or brutalizing, but because of their sordidness, frequent dishonesty, and above all, their absurdity when considered in the light of the proper ends of athletics: health, symmetrical physical development, endurance, self-control. Amateur boxing, fencing, and wrestling can be made stepping-stones to health, manliness, alertness and self-reliance. Such sports are excellent training alike for mind and body. Professional contests should be discouraged, especially by the physician. They are not often morally, socially, or in the long run, even physically elevating. The truth of this state-

ment is demonstrated by the careers of nearly all professional athletes, and more particularly by those of pugilists."

The truth of this cannot be too strongly impressed, and it applies to many more branches of athletics than those mentioned. How many athletes we hear of, who for a number of years were trained to the last minute, going all to pieces when, for one reason or another, they had to give up. The explanation is not hard to arrive at. They have lived unnaturally and when the time came for getting down to ordinary methods of life, their organisms would not adjust themselves to the change. The lesson is a plain one. We should go into games for the fun of the thing. Herein our English cousins are much wiser than we young Americans. This has been brought out very frequently in connection with international athletic contests, particularly those between the universities on the two sides of the water. We have to get away from the gladiatorial spirit if sport is to be all that it should be to us.

Joseph Chamberlain and His Grandson.



An interesting picture from Lady Dorothy Nevill's book of reminiscences, "Under Five Reigns." The photograph is inscribed with the words "To Lady Dorothy Nevill, from an old friend and a new one."

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At a time when the extinction of the horse has been threatened by the automobile, his friends appear to have

breed her to a jack.

"The best draught horses in this country are bred in what is known as the corn belt, which runs from Kansas and Nebraska on the west to Ohio on the east and of which Iowa and Illinois are the centre. There are parks of the east too where they get good draught horses. Frederick and Carroll counties, Maryland, and Loudoun county, Virginia, produce just as fine specimens of this kind as are raised anywhere."

"Do I think the automobile is driving out the horse? Well, figures show that horses are not diminishing in fact that there are more horses in the country than ever. I believe, however, that there are fewer light horses. The experience of anyone buying horses seems to bear this out. For instance, the Government finds it extremely difficult to mount its cavalry."

"The automobile, as near as I can ascertain, has driven a great many cheap light horses off the roads, and probably driven some saddle horses out of the cities. But it doesn't appreciably affect draught horses, except the light delivery horses of say 1200 pounds. If the auto has driven out the saddle and carriage horse generally, why is it that these

higher in price than before the auto came? The people who before the advent of the automobile were the best customers for saddle horses were such as could afford to have both horses and automobiles. When the auto came it drove out the cheaper grades, but the price of the better ones went skyward. There is a better market than ever for the good light horse, and a poorer than ever for the poor one."

STOPPING LONDON'S TRAFFIC.

Lord Montagu in "The Car." Five young gentlemen notorious beforetime in the practical joke line were dining together in a club a week or two ago. They began to discuss the nuisances which the continual pulling up of the streets cause to traffic, and then, as the argument grew acute, one of them made a bet of £100 that he would stop the traffic in one of the main streets of London for a whole day. The bet was taken,

began to ask why and wherefore; and the street was put down again, while a lively correspondence began to pass between the local road authority and eight separate and distinct authorities.

"We shall be much obliged if you can inform us by return by what authority you, &c." I am told that some of these bodies have returned civil answers, some rude answers, some (these are the Government departments concerned) no answers at all.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SINCE RIEL DIED.

Twenty-five years ago today, the career of the half-breed Louis Riel was ended by his execution. From that time onward Canada has enjoyed an uninterrupted peace. There have been insurgents since then, but the battle of Batoche has been replaced by the battle of the ballots. The Fenian Raid of '66, the Red River trouble of some years later and Riel's final rebellion in 1885 are the Dominion's last memories of actual warfare. The last stand in the valley of the Saskatchewan was the occasion of the despatch of two Toronto regiments to the scene of action—the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers.

Time has mellowed, as it was bound to do, the Canadian opinion of the misguided men who called Louis Riel from his exile in Montana to assume the leadership of their foolish cause. Fear that their lands would be taken from them was the ostensible reason of their rebellion. Underneath and beyond that, however, was the hopeless hostility to the march of progress which seems so often to abide in the hearts of the dwellers of the wilderness. They resented the coming of the "white man," resented the snake of steel which was gliding across the miles on its long journey from sea to sea, resented the breaking up of wild ways of life and the establishment of new. They met the fate which is common to those who stand in the pathway of civilization.

To read of the hardships which were endured by the forces, which crushed the rebellion is an education in Canadian progress. In the twenty-five years which have passed since the leader met his death upon the gallows at Regina, the valley of the Saskatchewan, and all that great territory, summed up briefly in two words, the West, has become a granary of Empire, tapped by a network of railways, and the Mecca of a world-wide immigration. Saskatchewan alone has a population of 359,000 souls, and in eleven years it has produced more than 300,000,000 bushels of wheat.

And what will be the record of the next quarter century in Canada's great West, is a question to which the answer of the most daring optimist might fall far short of the truth. —Toronto Star.

COSTOFLIVING.

Violet—"I suppose, Reggie, that you would sell your soul for a cigarette?" Reginald—"Well, hardly for one. It would take at least two. Prices have gone up terribly lately, you know."—Judge.

Second Way More Popular.

First Financier—"I made my success by putting my money where I could get my hands on it easily."

Second Financier—"And I got mine by putting other people's where I could get my hands on it easily."

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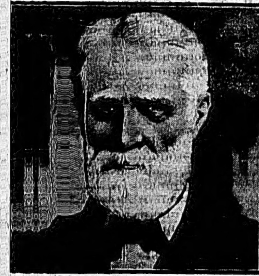
Horse Show Item

"Going to exhibit at the horse show this year?"

"Yes; I've entered a couple of gowns."—Washington Herald.

Seventy Nine Years Young

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Stricture of the Bowels, was the complaint I suffered from and I found 'Fruit-a-lives' to do me more good than any other remedy. My doctor advised me to stick to 'Fruit-a-lives' and I have done so with the best results.

I have been in business here for a good many years and have been a resident of Ottawa for over fifty years, so that if you think this little reference from me will serve to induce some others to try 'Fruit-a-lives', I hereby authorize its publication.

Wm. PARSONS. Constipation, Paralysis of the Bowels and Stricture of the Bowels, cured by common purgatives, salts, astringents, 'liver pills' and oil. They do not increase the secretion of Bile, but merely provide for more bowels. They merely irritate the mucous membrane of the intestines. One may as well try to cure a headache by beating one's head against a stone wall, as to try to cure Constipation with such remedies. 'Fruit-a-lives' is the only true liver stimulant. 'Fruit-a-lives' is a natural juice and serves to, and will always restore the liver to its normal condition and cure the most obstinate cases of Constipation. Price per bottle, 5 for \$1.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of money by Cashier's Limited, Ottawa.

BRAINS TOO CHEAP IN THE MARKET

Why is it that Brains Do Not Win Wealth?

Brains are a drug in the market. Yet brains are of the utmost value to every community, and common sentiment admits this to the extent of awarding them nearly every recognition but money (writes Tudor Jenks, in the Independent). The matter is worth looking into. It will be well if we may find out why money—why what money buys—is not commanded by men of brains. The ablest men of a community, those who create the ideas that develop into purposes, plans, accomplishment—why are not these men who secure the fruits of their brain work?

Admitting that some men of wealth, of power, of position owe their success to brains, it is enough to prove our case that the two classes—the wealthy and the brainy—do not at all coincide. The men of money are not the men of brains, and vice versa.

The world's brains are in the heads of the men who do the work—the engineers, lawyers, divines, artists, inventors, advertisers. These our common speech recognizes as the "brain workers." They make our civilization and maintain it. They direct the laboring ranks. Men of business affairs, succeed rather by employing the brain workers than by their own head work, as will be appreciated by all who will consider the relative worth of capital, of brains, and of labor in the business world.

Give me the cash and I can hire the brains so common a saying that it is never disputed, and always accepted as a general principle of business success.

Middlemen Make Money.

Brainy men neither control the material resources of the globe nor command the highest wages in the markets. The wealthy are those who play the part of middlemen. They are merely a tax on industry and levers of tribute. As common carriers they increase the cost of transportation and thereby the prices as traders they intervene between producer and consumer; as owners of monopolies they are parasites upon industry; as brokers they thrive only because industrial methods are crude or clumsy. As for speculators, they are mere gamblers; and in politics the man who grows rich must have used his position rather for his own benefit than for the sake of the public.

Historian, poet, teacher, theologian, composer, chemist, all are put to it to support their families exactly in proportion to their elevation and single-mindedness in their chosen work.

Everywhere, if we are guided by the price they command in the market of affairs, we find that brains are cheap forms of power, for they are mainly either motive power or lubricants.

Mankind's work in the world consists in making, unmaking, or transporting combinations of matter. In all forms of these activities, the vast majority of operations have long been stereotyped, and need no unusual expenditure of thought or activity of brain.

For most of us there is little opportunity to think; we live amid the usual, and only the unusual requires the exercise of the brain power, whereby the social philosopher may know the reason for the popularity of brain games, puzzles, detective stories, and other forms of artificial brain exercise.

Poorly-Paid Brainy Men.

The demand for brain power is therefore, limited, directly by the scarcity of the unusual, the emergency, in civilized life. When the novel situation arises, and brain power is essential, capable men can command a monopoly price, but these occasions are rare in proportion to the perfection of civilization. This explains the rise of able men during times of convulsion, as in revolutions or social catastrophes.

Considering the intrinsic value of their service, the classes are poorly paid. The authors, who are the critics and creators of our ideals; the teachers of morals, whose work outweighs in preservative power that of all the armies, navies, and police of the globe; the statesmen, who keep the nation's honor and insure its permanence; the physician who make living possible under artificial conditions imposed by civilization; the poets, musicians, artists—the whole artistic corps—who make life bearable by feeding the imagination, cultivat-

ing romance, rewarding taste, and cultivation.

More and more the world is coming to recognize the value of thoughts and ideals in maintaining even the spirit that leads to material advancement; and these thoughts and ideas are the manufactured product of the brain-workers. Even the veriest Gradgrind nowadays knows that the army of Japan owed its successes to the motive power of the sentiment of patriotism. No multi-millionaire can buy what is freely given to the Emperor of Japan.

Cheaply Hired Brains.

Surely no one will contend that the men of most brains are the money-makers of a modern community! We have too many object lessons to the contrary.

No. Brains may be cheaply hired, or we should see the rich competing for the services of brain-workers as a rule; and life shows us the exact opposite—men of brains peddling their abilities among those who have the money to hire their assistance.

Considering their true value, brains are the cheapest commodity in the market.

GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.

(John Morley in the London Times)

It is a curious thing that the adoration of political England should all this time have been divided, though not in equal proportions, between two illustrious men, and governed first by one and then by the other of them neither of whom she more than half understood or even pretended to understand. Palmerston, for instance, was one of the most plain headed men that ever became prime minister. In his two successor political fortune brought extraordinary paradox. Mr. Gladstone, from the day when he resigned about Maynooth, offered to his most ardent friends endless puzzles. He would have scorned to call himself by any name but Catholic, and amid all his vicissitudes was ever the most devoted son of the Church of England. Yet he was the idol of Protestant Ulster, the political hero of Scotch Presbyterians and English Independents, not to name the small but ardent band of Nationalists, some of whom were his stoutest henchmen to the end.

Disraeli's apotheosis was just as strange. Mr. Gladstone used to tell how one day, sitting on the bench while Disraeli was making a strenuous speech for the removal of Jewish disabilities, Lord John Russell whispered: "Look at the fellow, how manfully he sticks to it, though he knows that every word he says is gall and wormwood to every man who sits around and behind him!" It took him a generation to drive the Ghetto out of the minds of the country gentlemen. He was regaled with a host of nicknames from every quarter indicative of mystery and legend. Yet after some five and thirty years of it a huge majority of English voters at last hailed him for first minister. The strange riddle stands over.

Meanwhile we do not forget that one who learnt his craft by so much literary extravagance as the present volume recalls, yet when he came to the great business of his life, the creation and working of a wonderful political party, showed himself cool, shrewd, patient, far sighted, practical, full of tactical resource, a consummate master of the fatiguing art of managing men, and those, too, the kind of men to whom he was not by race only but by temperament and deepest habits a chartered alien. Life grew larger and not less, as time went on, even down to the days of disaster and overthrow in 1880. Those who were in confidential relation with him at that baleful hour have recorded, as the present writer has said elsewhere, how the fallen minister, who had counted on a very different result, faced the ruin of his government, the end of his career and the overwhelming triumph of his antagonist with an unclouded serenity and a greatness of mind worthy of a man who had known high fortunes and filled to the full the measure of his gifts and his ambitions.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples and you gave another boy his choice of them, you would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you?
Tommy—No, mum.
Teacher—Why?
Tommy—Cos 'twouldn't be necessary—Suburban Life.

"You're the waiter, aren't you?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, you'll lose your job if you don't take care. I've been waiting here longer than you have."—New York Times.

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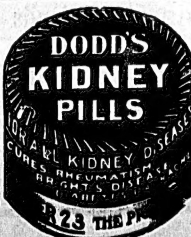
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THE BUSINESS MAN IN POLITICS

By Dr. Andrew Macphail.

The common demand is for the hard-headed business man in politics. This demand is caused by a thickness of head in those who make it. The prevalent theory of democracy is that a man who may know nothing of anything also necessarily knows all about the science of government; that business is the greatest qualification of a man to deal with all matters of legislation.

I should say, rather, that a training in business was the worst possible qualification for public life; because the ethics of business is love of money, whilst the ethic of politics is love of men. Therefore the two are in direct antithesis. The business man looks at questions in narrow details, not abstractly nor in relation to the well-being of the community. Between these two conceptions a great gulf is fixed.

A man with the characteristics of a trader is not remarkable for that enlargement of mind which alone enables him to deal with questions in the abstract. Political problems deal with the lives of men, and demand for their solution an acquaintance with the whole history of the race and an imagination to surmise the future.

of the United States affords the best illustration the world has yet known of government by business men. When Mr. Lorimer wanted a seat in the Senate he bought it in the market, and a man who buys the people will sell them again. When the insurance companies of New York required legislation in their interests they bought it with money at current rates. When corporations feel the need of protection against their competitors they make contributions to campaign funds. They have even discovered that justice may be made a subject of barter, and they have entered the courts of law with money-bags in their hands. The Athenians had a wise law that any one who interfered in the assemblies of the people by the infamous practice of purchase, was punishable by death. This application of business methods to politics, as Lock affirms, cuts up government by the roots, and poisons the very fountain of public security.

Public affairs are not so simple as they seem. Ignorance is only a little less dangerous than dishonesty. Knowledge and wisdom are only a little less necessary than probity and a nice sense of honor. Engagement

assembly is left to the baser members who are willing to scramble for their bellies' sake.

A university finds no difficulty in filling its chairs with men of fine personal honor and high attainment, because the candidate has the assurance that his merits will be carefully considered, and the struggle is not an ignominious one. If the people were to make a candidature attractive, they would find no difficulty in securing the best men in the community to serve them.

For, in truth, the business of the legislator at his desk is much like that of the professor in his chair. Both are concerned about getting at the rights of the matter in hand, for the sheer pleasure which there is in the inquiry. What is most needed in all democratic communities is an assembly entirely composed of men who make politics a profession, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden, men of leisure and of contemplative minds who are not especially concerned otherwise about making a living or at all about becoming rich.

For such there are many inducements in Canada to enter public life. The future of the country lies open for the entrance of good or of evil. The possibilities of doing good are boundless and the people are more ready than ever to listen to an appeal to their interest. They are tired of the farce by which their candidates are chosen for them in some secret convale.

The requirements of the election law, which govern the attempt to en-

Toronto's Waterfront in 1862.



The above is a reproduction of a water color painting of Toronto harbor, half a century ago. On the right will be seen the old G.T.R. station, where the Union Station now stands, with the same outdoor con- Behind the station are seen the grounds, the old Barron home, the old Crawford home—that of Hon. John Crawford, who afterwards became Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The propeller below it is the original headquarters of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The two-masted, lateen-rigged open boat just off the wharf is one in which Principal Barron of Upper Canada College had sailed from Colborne to Toronto, a risky business in those days. The water color is owned by His Honor John A. Barron, K.C., of Stratford, County Judge of Perth, a son of Principal Barron.

Self-interest is a sure guide for business, and a man whose whole life is governed by that principle must be utterly lost in the world of politics where abnegation of self-interest is the first requirement. The difficulty cannot be overestimated of putting on a new. His difficulty, I think, which lies at the root of much which is evil in public life is the first requirement. The difficulty cannot be overestimated of putting on a new. His difficulty, I think, which lies at the root of much which is evil in public life is the first requirement. The difficulty cannot be overestimated of putting on a new. His difficulty, I think, which lies at the root of much which is evil in public life is the first requirement.

Although those general statements are true, we must take account of the exception, which Burke also noted, that, while there are business men with the sentiments and abilities of great statesmen, there are also persons in the rank of statesmen but a particular class whose interests are often divergent from those of the people at large. The worst calamity which can befall a people is that a place in their assembly should become distasteful to a civilized member of the community, by being deprived of the dignity and power which properly belongs to it. When the last safeguard of the people is gone, and the

in business does not necessarily create wisdom. On the contrary, "If that hash little business shall become wise. How can he beget wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the good, that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows and is diligent to give the kine fodder. So every carpenter and workman that laboreth night and day, all these trust to their hands and every one is wise in his work. They shall not be sought for in public counsel, or sit high in the congregation; they cannot declare justice and judgment."

I am not saying that an assembly of lawyers would succeed any better than an assembly of business men. Lawyers are bound strictly by their own rules, and are incapable of that exercise of imagination which is necessary in dealing with future events. More ominous still, many lawyers have abandoned their proper function of applying general principles to particular cases, and are becoming the employees of corporations seeking special privileges under the guise of ministering to the public good. When they gain entrance to parliament they represent not the people but a particular class whose interests are often divergent from those of the people at large. The worst calamity which can befall a people is that a place in their assembly should become distasteful to a civilized member of the community, by being deprived of the dignity and power which properly belongs to it. When the last safeguard of the people is gone, and the

ter public life are very simple and specific. They do not demand that a candidate shall belong to this party or that. They do not insist that he have the consent, approval or support of any body of managers or the aid of any convention or machine. Any man may be a candidate for the Dominion Parliament, who is in possession of the hundred dollars, and is able to secure the names of twenty-five electors to a requisition that he becomes their representative.

If the most suitable man in each constituency in Canada were to follow this courageous course, even if all were to fail at first, such an impression would be made upon the public mind that we should soon have a legislature composed of men to whom politics is a profession indeed, governed by such an ideal ethical standard as prevails in the professions of law, medicine and the church, and not by the rules and customs of a mercenary trade or business.

TWICE RECOVERED HIS SIGHT

A remarkable case of a blind man's second recovery of sight happened at Northampton yesterday. A grocer named George Vaughan, aged 64, who was quite blind, recovered his sight five years ago. He collided with a pillar box and immediately found that his sight had been restored. Some time afterward he again lost his sight, but recovered it again some time before his death yesterday. He was then able to see and recognize the members of his family—London Daily Mail.



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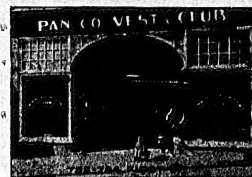
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